

## The Critic

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WE HAD hoped to pay some tribute to-day to the memory of Emma Lazarus; but such is the pressure of International Copyright and other urgent matter, that we shall be obliged to defer our consideration of her life and work till next week.

### International Copyright.

In vain we call old notions fudge,  
And bend our conscience to our dealing;  
The Ten Commandments will not budge  
And stealing will continue stealing.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### THE AUTHORS' READINGS.

A SEA of faces and a sea-like murmur of conversation filled Chickering Hall on Monday afternoon, the occasion of the first Authors' Reading in aid of International Copyright. In due time, like Neptune upon another memorable occasion, the Bishop of New York reared his placid head above the tumult, and an expectant calm ensued. In the neatest of speeches Dr. Potter introduced the Chairman, Mr. Lowell, who was warmly welcomed. He proceeded to read his polished and weighty address from manuscript, explaining that he could no longer trust himself, without that aid, to say the right word at the right time. Furthermore, owing to a misunderstanding on his part, he had not had opportunity to mature his ideas. 'I like,' he said, 'to brood over my thoughts until I can feel some stir of life in them—perhaps even some stir of wings.'

He surveyed at length the gradual change, since the days when Brother Jonathan, being summoned by John Bull, critical blunderbuss in hand, to stand and deliver a literature, was obliged to confess that 'he hadn't such an article about him.' He drew attention to the distinctively American characteristics of the literature which has since developed under the weight of serious obstacles; and to the value of this involuntary and essential Americanism, which is ours 'not because it is expected of us, but because we cannot help it.' This bore upon the question of the day, which was, in effect, 'whether it was wise for a great nation to permit its literature, or a large portion of its literature, to be made for it by another nation; in other words, to allow the shaping of its thought, and therefore of its character, to be done by that other.'

Mr. Lowell's 'rich words' are, as he once said of Emerson, 'like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on;' and when he came to speak directly of International Copyright he drove them in vigorously. 'For myself,' he concluded, after briefly considering the question whether International Copyright would make books dearer, 'I prefer that the argument should rest, not upon interest and expediency, but upon honesty and justice. No successful substitute for justice has ever been discovered.'

It was, as the Chairman remarked, entirely unnecessary to introduce Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens advanced, 'tossed his frontlet to the sky' after the manner of the 'noble stag' of Walter Scott, and with his own solemn verve and nerve,

dashed into 'The Fatal Anecdote.' This was the story of the stutterer 'entirely c-c-cured by (whew!) whistling,' with which he, Mark Twain, had avenged himself upon the fourth man who told him, during a trip across the plains, that 'very laughable thing' about Horace Greeley and Hank Monk, the stage-driver. The victim of this vengeance was at the time in a weak condition, and the whistling story, repeated twenty seven times, killed him. In many cases among Mr. Clemens's hearers, a single narration of it came near producing a like result.

When the laughter had subsided, Dr. Edward Eggleston read from manuscript 'A Prophetic Retrospect,' supposed to be written in 1987, and filled with conjectures, attenuated after the true antiquarian fashion, as to the extraordinary customs and costumes of this present day. That the laurel shows greenest to the public eye against gray hair, was evident in the hearty and tender reception of Mr. Stoddard, who read in a low but very sweet voice two of his most charming lyrics, 'The Flower of Love Lies Bleeding,' and 'The Follower.' The follower in the present instance was Mr. Bunner, who gave his selection from 'The Zadoc Pine Labor Union' unaffectedly and forcibly, making the individuality of his gritty young hero quite clear to his listeners.

Indisposition had prevented Mr. Cable from preparing the intended scene from 'Au Large,' for which he substituted that favorite prose idyl, the first ringing of the school-bell in Grand Point; entering with his usual *abandon* into the character of the fervid French schoolmaster. A genuine delight was the racy recitation, by James Whitcomb Riley, of his Hoosier dialect poem 'When the frost is on the pumpkin, and the fodder's in the shock.' It was received with enthusiastic applause, as was also his surpassingly funny impersonation of a certain type of 'Educator.' Words cannot reproduce the effect of his pedagogic eloquence, his polysyllabic condescension, his buoyancy, his blandness. It was most admirable fooling.

Those present on Tuesday had the rare treat of hearing Mr. Lowell read, with a grave music that will long resound in memory, 'The Finding of the Lyre,' 'Aladdin,' 'After the Burial,' and that immortal bit of dialect and human nature, 'The Courtin'.' The slight figure and silvered moustache of Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston then came to the front, and the audience was favored with his delightful account of the 'amphibious existence' and early majority of Mr. Thomas Watts—the boy whose mother was compelled to cut the clothing of her large family in a rather general way, in order that it might descend in line. No one who has not heard Mr. Warner read 'The Hunting of the Bear' can possibly imagine the deliciousness thus added to that already delicious morsel. He lets each delicately humorous sentence dwell in the ear just long enough to yield its full flavor. When he expatiated upon the advantages of using the German tongue in the composition of epitaphs for persons eaten by bears, the hall rippled with laughter like a wind-swept cornfield. Powerful pathos was mingled with humor warmed by the southern sun, in the extract from 'Unc' Edinburgh's Drowndin,' rendered in the mellow negro dialect by Thomas Nelson Page, who was compelled again and again to acknowledge the applause of the audience before he was permitted to take his seat.

In announcing Mr. Howells's reading, the Chairman took to himself credit for a prophecy fulfilled. Long since, when commending to Hawthorne in a letter of introduction a young man whose poems he had been examining, he had given it as his opinion that this young man had 'the root of the matter in him.' There was general agreement as to Mr. Howells's possession of 'the root of the matter' (notwithstanding his habit of busying himself a good deal with the ultimate foliage), and it was amid a shower of plaudits that he stepped to the reading desk, flushing like Herbert's 'rose, whose hue, angry and bright, bids the rash gazer wipe his eye.' Mr. Howells doth 'use no art at all,' but the simplicity of his manner is most winning. He chose the chap-

ter in 'April Hopes,' in which Maverick is found by his friend, after the breaking off of his engagement, preparing to return the relics of the past, and embarrassed by the necessity of deciding what kind of paper to do them up in.

The gentle enchanter who has set all the world guessing his riddle of a Lady and of a Tiger, was affectionately welcomed when his slight form and melancholy face appeared behind the desk; but it was difficult for him to make himself heard as he traced the droll complications of 'Prince Hassak's March.' Subsequently the sonorous voice of George William Curtis 'grew up like organ.' He offered, he said, this sketch made long ago ('The New Livery,' from 'The Potiphar Papers'), as a picture of an extinct society; being well aware that the imitation of the foreign aristocracy, and other follies therein satirized, had now quite died out! It was particularly amusing to hear the prattlings of Polly Potiphar to Caroline Pettitoes repeated in the manly accents of the author. The readings closed with something 'not nominated in the bond,'—the recitation by Mr. Riley of his touchingly natural 'Nothin' to say, my daughter, nothin' at all to say!' which was heartily applauded.

The two points most significant and noticeable in these Authors' Readings, were, first, the obvious sympathy of the public with the Cause of International Copyright, and, second, the evidence, commented upon by Mr. Lowell, of the truly national character of our literature, in the presence and participation of writers from all parts of the Union.

#### SOME EXTRACTS FROM MR. LOWELL'S ADDRESS.

Our literature, whatever its merits or defects, has grown to what is—and certainly the growth has been vigorous, even if sometimes the work of the pruning-knife be missed—under many great obstacles. Obstacles no doubt may be a help as well as a hindrance, as the basket set down on an acanthus is fabled to have suggested the Corinthian capital, and the old emblem shows how *virtus* (manhood) *sub pondere crescit*. But the obstacles with which our literature had to struggle were almost wholly of the repressive kind, and they were serious obstacles. When it was beginning to feel its way there was a congeries of scattered republics with certain differential rather than dependent relations to a common centre of legislation, if not of authority, but with traditions and sympathies narrow and exclusive in their range. Ease of communication had not yet knit us together in material interests; civil war had not yet welded us inseparably into a Nation with a common pride and a common ideal. We had no capital to concentrate, to stimulate, to suggest. We had no large reading public. We were busy with other more pressing cares. Above all, we had to compete with the literature, and in our own language, too, of a period in which great events and mighty movements of thought gave to genius the opportunity and to talent the excitement that it needs.

And why was foreign literature to be had for nothing? Simply because we could not or would not admit that there could be such a thing as foreign property in an idea. I admit that all property is in the last resort the creature of municipal law, and that a thing may be property in one country which is not so in another; nay, may be property in colonies yet not in the mother country, as Granville Sharp demonstrated in the case of the negro in England. I admit, also, that in all countries maintaining a tariff of duties on foreign goods, those goods are liable to confiscation if introduced in evasion of the law. But in the case of the slave, as in that of the smuggler, the owner of the property must connive in the fraudulent introduction of his property into the country so confiscating it. In the case of the English author, his property is brought over for the express purpose of being confiscated; brought here, too, against his will, and in spite of his earnest protest. When we say property in ideas, we use an ambiguous, descriptive phrase, for what we really mean is property in the value that has been given to an idea by a man's own skill, or labor, or genius. I shall not argue this. I will only say that this form of property, both foreign and domestic, has been admitted by every civilized country in the world except our own. It has been admitted by countries where, as between us and England, as between Germany and Austria the language was the same; or partially so, as between Belgium and France. To steal a book I have bought is theft; to steal a book I have made—what is that?

The meeting here to-day is held for the purpose of raising funds to promote the aims of a society formed in the hope of relieving America from a reproach and American authors from an unjust and unwisely-imposed burden. The question whether the present

state of things be a reproach or not I shall not argue, nor whether the burden thus laid upon our authors be unjust. That this burden is unwisely imposed will, I think, be plain to every one who asks himself the question whether it be prudent in a nation to allow its literature, or a great part of its literature, to be made for it by another nation—in other words, to allow the shaping of its thought, and therefore of its character, to be done by that other. A protective argument might seem dishonest from one who has been a free trader these forty years, but a protective illustration, at least, is perfectly legitimate in a country which maintains protection and is likely to maintain it in one form or other for many years to come. One of the chief pleas in favor of a prohibitive tariff on foreign manufactures is that it protects our workmen against underpaid workmen of other countries. Now, I may be allowed to repeat what I said before the Committee of the Senate, that our authors are the only workers among us who are forced to compete with men who receive no wages at all. It is no argument against us that we are inconsiderable in number, for are we not constantly assured that it is the duty of a wise government to protect and foster small industries that they may thrive and grow into great ones? But we are told that International Copyright would make books dearer. If it made a great many books reprinted here dearer I should not be sorry. But there is good reason to think that it would make them cheaper, for the laws of trade are beyond the reach of legislation, and the dealers in books would find themselves obliged to conform with the requirements of the market of greatest demand. That market is already here, or soon will be. Already the tendency toward large and cheap editions is growing very noticeably in England and France. Whether, if we had an International Copyright, the books should be manufactured here or in England seems to me a question of subsidiary importance. The only way in which we can protect ourselves against the English author is not by taxing his book, but by paying him honestly for his labor, as we already pay the other foreign worker in ideas, the inventor, through his patent. It has been gravely proposed to protect the native hen, and is it extravagant to ask as much for the native author? By what machinery our object could be best accomplished is a question answered differently by those even who are friendly to it. . . . For myself, I prefer that the argument should rest not upon interest or expediency, but upon honesty and justice.

[Of the plan of International Copyright proposed by Mr. Pearsall Smith, of Philadelphia, he remarked:] It is only necessary to say of it, that it was unanimously rejected, years ago, by a British Commission which considered it, and it is now considered impracticable in this country by those competent to know through long experience—both among authors and publishers.

#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED.

Dr. Holmes wrote: 'I feel about literary property as in the old time the owners of linen felt about their goods left exposed on the bleaching-grounds to whiten. If I remember right, they had special and stringent laws for their protection. No commodity is so easily stolen as a thought, and I would therefore guard the producer's property in it with the most jealous care.' Mr. Bancroft: 'I shall, as opportunity offers, never fail to give my aid in support of your movement.' Mr. Whittier: 'I am sorry that I cannot in person testify my interest in the important object of the readings.' The Hon. George H. Boker, of Philadelphia: 'I wish you and your associates a great success in your undertaking, and I regret that I am not able to add my poor services to your efforts.' Letters of regret and sympathy with the object of the readings were received also from Mr. Stedman, Col. Hay, Mr. Stevenson, and Gen. Wallace.

#### ACTION OF THE AMERICAN COPYRIGHT LEAGUE.

A large meeting of the Council of the American Copyright League was held on Wednesday in Dr. Howard Crosby's study in the 4th Ave. Presbyterian Church, Mr. E. C. Stedman, Vice-President of the League, in the chair. There was a general feeling of encouragement at the prospects of the movement for International Copyright. It was announced that the net proceeds of the Authors' Readings were over \$4,000. Resolutions of thanks were adopted for the services of Mr. Lowell, and the other participants in the exercises. The following resolution, in regard to the *Nineteenth Century* scheme, was passed unanimously:

RESOLVED: That we regard the proposition recently made for a stamp system of copyright as unwise, impracticable, and a virtual surrender of the property-rights of the author; and that we consider it an unfortunate diversion at the present time.



## Reviews

## Mr. Cabot's Memoir of Emerson.\*

'O CARLYLE!' wrote Emerson in his diary, 'the merit of glass is not to be seen, but to be seen through; but every crystal and lamina of the Carlyle glass shows.' Comparatively few are the biographers who have embodied in their work this principle of transparency, and Mr. Cabot is among them. He presents us with a colorless medium through which we behold with clearness this rare character and life. The faintest tinting were here an offence: we would look upon this man as through serene air.

The reproduction of the Hawes photograph prefixed to the first volume of this biography, brings us at the very opening of the book into that mild and noble presence, with our close sense of which the self-effacing method of the biographer never interferes. It is now given to all to see and know Emerson as his friends saw and knew him: not otherwise—for he kept from those friends no unlovely corners of concealment for the future to expose. He lived in light, reserving only that Holy of Holies in the inmost soul, to which no one was ever admitted. If aught of mystery there is about him, it is the mystery of light and not of darkness. No startling revelation awaits the reader between the covers of this book. We indeed gain a nearer knowledge, yet that knowledge has nothing in it to contradict our prevision. 'I have been entirely free,' writes Mr. Cabot in his preface, 'from the gravest embarrassment that can meet the biographer of a man-of-letters who aspired to be a public teacher—I mean the traces of a discrepancy between the teachings and the character.' He is no stranger to us, this being with the luminous countenance, the 'lineaments of Gospel books'; 'one of the sweetest creatures God ever made,' said the Methodist Father Taylor. Yet, if no surprise, there is the deepest pleasure in following the development of the grave-eyed, clean-bred New England youth, obedient to the lowest whisper of Duty; the delicate young preacher, hampered in the performance of pastoral offices by his strange constitutional shyness, and the reverence which felt as fire words repeated by the many with lips unsentient as clay. We are, as it were, admitted to his soliloquies by frequent extracts from his journal; but here we discover that even in his relations with that second self, the diary, the ultimate expression of his thought or feeling was to him unnatural. Something—the most sacred something—remained uncommunicated even to this journal; surely, then, it is no wonder that Margaret Fuller and Mr. James, and all others who would have 'vexed the violet perfume to impart,' were obliged to retire with disappointment. There was something in Emerson akin to the cool, blushing mayflower of his woods, with its elusive fragrance. He himself yearned vainly for fuller spiritual communication with those he loved. 'I am led on from month to month,' he wrote, 'with an expectation of some total embrace and oneness with a noble mind.' When he finds Carlyle in Scotland, it is 'a white day in my years.' But later he owns himself, even in this precious friendship, balked. 'Every man,' he concludes, 'is an infinitely repellent orb, and holds his individual being on that condition.'

The biographer gives an interesting sketch of 'the Transcendental movement.' 'Transcendentalism was not a philosophy; it was a religious revival—a wave of sentiment,' Mr. Frothingham happily calls it, such as from time to time had stirred the rigid surface of Puritan thought with a hint of smothered fires. Its influence for good 'is to be looked for in a deeper way of feeling and an enlarged way of thinking about all subjects, and not in a particular set of opinions or practices. Whether any such results can be traced, it is perhaps even now too soon to inquire.' For this Book, as one is tempted reverently to write it, in the capitalizing fashion of Carlyle, we owe Mr. Cabot a debt of gratitude. For those who will read it aright it is true *mel aerium*, honey and manna of heaven.

\* A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson, By James Elliot Cabot. 2 vols. \$3.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

## Vernon Lee's "Juvenilia."

VERNON LEE (Miss Viola Paget) is about the last writer of the day from whom we should look for a book of confessed 'Juvenilia.' A characteristic product and exponent of the social, artistic and philosophic position of the young England of the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, she has long been one of the *ultras* in that intellectual school which, iconoclastic in religion, impressionistic in art, rather pessimistic in everything, thoroughly appreciates

The heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world.

Levity it does not understand, nor playfulness. What 'Juvenilia,' then, can have enticed this brilliant representative of the school from those serious studies by which she has gained her reputation? We find the explanation in her Preface, where she speaks of awakening from the absorption of her artistic studies, of 'those æsthetic, classic, Goethian days—spent in search of the great dualism: the Good and the Beautiful'—into the realization of the evil of the world, and of the fact 'that to be good means, unluckily, to deal with evil; to be, I will not say beautiful, but clean and moderately healthy, spiritually, means to see much that is ugly and foul. Hence there comes a time, to such of us as shall not remain eternally children, when, by the side of all questions artistic, there must rise other questions less pleasant to contemplate, and less easy, alas, to solve—nay, seemingly, almost impossible. And together with this there comes also the knowledge, that such things as have hitherto absorbed our attention are "Juvenilia." You see the character of the writer's mind at once. Her playthings—as she tells us in one of her essays—have been, from her days of dolls, matters artistic, literary and musical, and are so still; but as a child she looked on playthings as the serious concerns of life. In 'Rococo' she gives us a charming picture of her fascination, as a mere school girl, by the pretty, Dresden-china artificiality of the Eighteenth Century, and of her absorption in its dainty atmosphere to such an extent that 'the Eighteenth Century existed for me as a reality, surrounded by faint and fluctuating shadows, which shadows were simply the present. Things presented themselves to me only from their Eighteenth-Century side, real or—very often—imaginary. . . . What a moment that was when my dear old singing master suddenly remembered that he had heard Cimarosa sing some of his own comic songs!'

We have quoted these passages because they seem to us to show very fairly the characteristic quality of Vernon Lee's mind. Hers is a rather vague, very impressionable, and wholly æsthetic manner of regarding 'matters artistic;' and this strengthens the opinion that we have formed from reading her former books—that her strength as a writer lies in just such 'Juvenilia' as these. For in light essays upon art in its various forms, a little vagueness or a dash of impressionability is apt to be rather an ornament than a blemish, and even a bold and feminine defiance of logic is more piquant than dangerous. But in matters touching the real life of the world, such as philosophy, or ethics, or social problems, the qualities that were harmless and graceful faults—if faults at all—become instruments of evil. This book is a pleasanter one to read than most of its predecessors, for the author has gained in maturity, and we are not irritated by that calm air of assumption of absolute wisdom, that youthful certainty of having reached the final truth upon every subject, that sublime contempt for the thinkers and writers who do not accept her premises, that have marred her 'Baldwin,' 'Euphorion,' etc. She is still exceedingly confident of the correctness of her conclusions, but she has learned wisdom, and attempts to lead her readers, rather than crush them with her arguments. And this makes 'Juvenilia' a delightfully readable book, as her style is generally pure and graceful, though marred now and then by carelessness or affectation. On the whole, Vernon Lee is a poor guide but a charming companion.

\* *Juvenilia*. By Vernon Lee. \$2.00. Boston: Roberts Bros.

## HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS

## William Paton's "Down the Islands."

WHOSO desires to send his imagination upon a most delightful voyage in most entertaining company, let him, with William Agnew Paton, step on board the steamship *Barracouta*—named, we are told, from a swift-swimming fish of the West Indies resembling a large pike in shape—and sail 'down the Islands,' the Caribbees of Christoval Colon. ('Down the Islands,' \$4, Chas. Scribner's Sons.) The author is a keen observer; his descriptions are full of life and color; he has plenty of genial humor, a clever, easy style that captivates one, and a persuasive way of imparting a great deal of information. He has captured for our enjoyment the exhilaration of the fresh trade-wind, the charm of returning refreshed 'to consciousness and oranges' from open-air slumbers on deck, the glory of tropical sunrise, the stimulating surprise of each new experience. It is pleasant to loiter with him, watching a coolly smith, beside his earthen furnace, shape silver coins into a serpent bangle; to share his amusement in the sugared blandishments of the beggars and fruit-dealers; to number the curious personal adornments of the handsome brown Hindu girl encountered in Demerara; to shrink before the dazzling splendor of the ebony seller of 'swizzle-sticks,' seated 'in the stern-sheets of a barge painted blue without and yellow within, on cushions covered with red and orange fabrics. . . . She was so black, so shiny, her oily cheeks glistened in the sunlight, imaging dim outlines of her surroundings, like pictures seen in polished patent-leather. When a sailor in a red flannel shirt approached her closely, coming between the sun and her nobility, she seemed to reflect a blush. Her bandanna, wrapped in many well-starched folds, was gorgeous; her gown, flowered over with bewildering and exuberant patterns of brilliant coloring, was so resplendent that it was torment to observe her, all so gaudy, in the full blaze of a tropical sunlight. Truly, a 'polychromatic incident.' In more serious moments Mr. Paton notes and deplors the 'conspicuous absence' of American shipping from the harbors, inveighing against the 'musty, absurd, aggravating shipping-laws of 1798,' and ponders, not very hopefully, the future of the colored races in the West Indies. Some of the material in this volume has appeared, in a more condensed form, in *The Evening Post*, but 'more than half of the contents is now published for the first time.' The beautiful illustrations, by M. J. Burns, reproduced by one of the photographic 'processes,' demand special mention.

## "The Land of Sleepy Hollow."

'THE Land of Sleepy Hollow' (\$15, G. P. Putnam's Son's) is a sort of Washington Irving memorial, issued as a holiday book. It contains 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' a part of 'Wolfert's Roost,' and a description of Irving's home, to accompany the illustrations. The text and the negatives from which the numerous photogravures were executed are by Dr. J. L. Williams. The illustrations, in outline, of 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow' are by F. O. C. Darley. These are possibly reproduced from an early edition. If so, they afford a good opportunity of comparing older American methods of book-illustration with newer. In this case, the photogravure gives a better idea of the landscape beauties of Sleepy Hollow and the banks of the Hudson than could be conveyed in any other way. The bits of description of nature which occur in Irving's writings have been made to do duty as text for the photogravures, and as motives in choice of subject. The frontispiece is a pretty bit of a characteristic Hudson River meadow. A pleasing piece of sunlight photography shows the modern aspect of the Van Tassel farm. An interesting plate in two parts presents the monument erected to the captors of Major André, and the 'covert of chestnuts and vines' in which they lay in wait for the spy. Wolfert's Roost, the old Dutch house which, modified, became Irving's home (Sunnyside), forms the subject of a brilliant picture. In the plate depicting the long rambling lane, the tree-foliage is delicately rendered. The old church near Wolfert's Roost is picturesquely handled. 'Where the Pocantico Winds its Wizard Stream' is a pictorially treated view of the river running between well-balanced masses of foliage crisply rendered by the camera. In the plate of the 'thousand crystal springs,' the difficult attempt to photograph water in motion has not been attended with much success. As a whole, these photogravures, while tolerably good as to execution, do not show that artistic sense of composition which is often found in the best amateur photography. They might have been made softer in tone without loss of precision. They are at their best in rendering foliage. The porch of Wolfert's Roost is a good bit of composition, with full value given to the arch-effect. A sort of Corot-like impression, rather remarkable for camera-work, is presented by the clump of old willows near Sunnyside. The atmospheric quality of this plate is excellent. Historically, rather than artistically, interesting is the glimpse of Irving's study. The au-

thor's bust surmounts a pedestal near an alcove hung with chintz, in which are books, and an armchair stands in front of the desk. As an example of interior decoration, nothing could be worse. A view is given of Christ Church, Tarrytown, which contains a mural tablet erected to the memory of Irving. The biographical sketch is pleasantly written in the form of a description of a visit to Tarrytown, the valley of Sleepy Hollow and the romancer's home. The large volume is substantially bound in smooth dark blue cloth, with a triple photogravure, including a portrait, on the front.

## Wallace Bruce's "Old Homestead Poems."

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS permit the Muse of Mr. Wallace Bruce to wander through one hundred and sixty creamy pages, among fine illustrations by Abbey, A. B. Frost, Howard Pyle, and others. ('Old Homestead Poems,' \$2.) A Muse of middle stature is this, with a slight Scotch accent; a little prolix and uncertain, but capable of a neat turn now and then, and, in her simplest moments, of true sweetness. The collection includes many occasional pieces, some of them happy in conception, though all would bear pruning. One of the best is 'A Nooning: Yale, 1887.'

Hang up the scythe! Yale's dinner-horn  
Wakes hill and plain with echoes sweet.

We started when the fields were bright,  
And shadows all behind us lay;  
From noontide now till fading light  
The shadows fall the other way.

The poet is guilty of rhyming 'sons' with 'veter-*n*ns,' and calling the songs of the marching soldiers

Swinging symphonies commingled in one bright bouquet of sound;  
but his patriotic verses are warm with a genuine feeling which redeems their blemishes. The humorous attempts, such as 'Witch-hazel Lashes' and 'A Coast Survey,' are very tragical mirth.

## "The Good Things of Life."

THE really good things of *Life* are among those kindly fruits of the earth for which we are all grateful. One must regret that some of the poor things have crept into the present collection. ('The Good Things of *Life*,' 4th series, \$2.50, F. A. Stokes.) Tastes in jokes indeed differ widely; but it is difficult to conceive of great amusement being caused in any quarter by the dismembered Irishman distributed along the railroad track on page 28, or the trite drunkard and inexcusable dog on page 32. Inebriation forms somewhat too frequently the subject of these drawings. We should, however, deplore the absence of the individuals endeavoring to tell the time of night by the dial of a Madison Avenue car. The inevitable finger of not too fine scorn is pointed at 'Mr. Ikelstein,' fortunately but once. The wit of the society sketches is thin and sometimes acrid, as in 'A Distinction,' page 59; why is it that our pencil-satire so lacks good-humor? But Mr. Sterner depicts as delightfully as DuMaurier himself the young man called upon to note baby's likeness to his father, who consolingly murmurs, 'Yes, but I shouldn't mind that as long as he is healthy,' point being added by the paternal portrait on the wall. F. G. Attwood's 'Ireland à la Ruskin' is as delicious as it is delirious. Among the best and most genuinely funny things are the bits from child life: the discriminating Paul invoking a blessing on 'everything except the cookies, which are not very good,' Jessie entrenched in a position precluding the possibility of chastisement, and Billy, tender little soul, who bursts into tears during the Scripture reading, because he 'WANTED the lions to eat Daniel!' Despite drawbacks, many smiles and some hearty laughs await one between these dark-green covers.

## BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

## "German Fantasies by French Firesides."

THE singular title 'German Fantasies by French Firesides' (\$1, Geo. P. Putnam's Sons) is explained by the fact that the pretty fairy-stories were written by Richard Leander, a famous German surgeon, during the evenings in camp when the Prussian army was waiting for Paris to surrender. They are well translated by Pauline C. Lane, and are a charming collection of dainty little tales, reminding one of Laboulaye's admirable efforts in the same direction. They are simple enough to be enjoyed by children, yet they have an intellectual flavor which makes them amusingly typical of real life to older readers. The story of 'The Baffled Wish' is especially clever: the lover wishes he were where his lady-love is, and the lady-love wishes she were where her lover is; both wishes are granted by Jupiter, when of course they are just as badly off as before, so far as being together is concerned.



"Harper's Young People" for 1887.

THE bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1887 (\$3.50) is packed as full as it can hold with dainties, and wholesome dainties at that. The variety is almost bewildering. Here is Mr. Bunner's operetta of the Seven Old Ladies who once drank tea in the pleasant gardens of Lavender Village, in Kateregreenaway-land, and the refractory representations of George Washington and Julius Cæsar and others who formed the Waxwork Union and wouldn't waxwork; here is Frank Stockton's delightfully queer 'Christmas Truants,' and Mr. Munkittrick's 'Hurrishoffer,' vying in ingenuity with 'Alice in Wonderland' or 'Davy and the Goblin'; the fairytales of Howard Pyle, themselves a goodly feast; short stories by Mr. Howells and Miss Alcott, a serial by Mrs. Lillie, much winsome verse by Mrs. Sangster and Margaret Johnson; and illustrations which defy description. It is only necessary to name Messrs. Pyle, Brennan, and F. S. Church, as among the many artist-contributors. Some of the most dainty and charming embellished pages are the work of Laura C. Hills and Jessie McDermott. The big book is like an enchanter's magic tome, and out of it crowd a crew of Wishes, that tease Father Time to face about and carry us back to Young-People-Country, where all these good things grow.

"St. Nicholas" for 1887.

IF ANYBODY wants to know how many different sorts of good things, in the literary and artistic line, a modern child may be trusted to 'get away with,' let him buy a copy of *St. Nicholas* for 1887. He will find wonders of old times and of the present, of foreign lands and of our own, and some which belong to no time and to no place, recounted and illustrated. There are Frances C. Baylor's Mexican story of 'Juan and Juanita,' with pictures by Sandham; Samuel M. Hall's account of the Pennsylvania oil-wells; the Japanese story of the 'Battle of the Monkeys and the Crabs,' and Mr. Brennan's highly interesting combination of songs without sense and pictures without perspective. This is not all, nor half; it is hardly even the beginning of the catalogue of curious and entertaining matters contained in the two red-covered volumes. There are tales about the yellow clouds of South American butterflies, about regal London, about Victor Hugo's and J. F. Millet's ways with children, and about 'An Idaho Picnic.' The Letter-box and the Riddle-box are both crammed full; and Jack in the Pulpit has as many queer things to mention as if he had the world of queer things all to himself to draw upon.

James Baldwin's "A Story of the Golden Age."

MR. JAMES BALDWIN, Mr. Howard Pyle and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have, between them, got out a Christmas book, which, though not of the 'sumptuous' variety, will be found one of the most fascinating books of the season. It is called 'A Story of the Golden Age' (\$2), and it recounts the early adventures of Ulysses up to the time of the beginning of the Trojan War. A great deal of other matter, taken from Hesiod and the Greek dramatists, is introduced, and the whole makes an admirable introduction to the Iliad and the Odyssey, to which it is Mr. Baldwin's desire to lead his young readers. By the way, though his style suggests that he has read with pleasure Mr. Palmer's admirable translation of the first twelve books of the Odyssey, he does not mention it in the list of translations of the poem which he gives in his 'Fore-Word.' The illustrations by Mr. Pyle are among the best things which that clever artist has produced—so good, indeed, as to make it seem that he has only now discovered what his *forte* really is. They have been reproduced by photographic process, which, of course, weakens somewhat their effect; but they make, nevertheless, a most acceptable embellishment to Mr. Baldwin's stories of the swineherd Eumæus, of the Caledonian boar-hunt, and of the most beautiful woman in the world, whose name was Helen.

Robert Grant's "Jack Hall."

AS NO ONE nowadays should call himself a successful author till he has written a good book for children, we are not surprised to find Mr. Robert Grant entering the field of youthful fiction, as he has just done with a book called 'Jack Hall; or, The School-Days of an American Boy.' It is a little surprising, however, to find that the publishers of the book are a well-known Boston dry-goods firm (\$1, Jordan, Marsh & Co.). Mr. Grant's book certainly could not be classed as 'dry-goods,' for it is very highly spiced with incident and comedy, in which foot-ball, base-ball, rowing-matches, snow-fights, and other kinds of fight, fill an amount of space which is probably no exaggeration of their relative importance to study in the minds and the daily experiences of the average schoolboy. A pleasant episode is the struggle for aquatic honors between some

of the boys and the head-master of the school. One of the most amusing chapters is that which records the hazing experience. It shows how often the excited imagination of the hazed is responsible for the exaggerated cruelty of the hazers, and that a boy with strong nerves, even if he does momentarily mistake the sensation of a bit of ice on his bare flesh for the impression of a branding-iron, may come out unscathed from a trial which, after all, was composed of quite simple elements. Nevertheless, there is no defence for the practice of even the simplest hazing, because a good many boys are not blessed with perfectly strong nerves, and may have to endure a shock which ought to seem anything but 'fun' to their tormenters. Mr. Grant's *exposé* of the real simplicity of much fancied torture is well done, not because it seems to justify even innocent teasing, but because it throws the light of day on some of these performances. The tormentors understand perfectly that two-thirds of the suffering of their victims comes from the suspense. To know they were really to be branded with a hot iron on the left arm would probably cause less anxiety than not to know what was to be done, and to have really only a little piece of ice laid on the flesh. There is a little feeling that Mr. Grant in the effort to make his boys manly has overdone the manliness, and given us an impression that Jack was not wholly the gentleman we expect a boy to be, even in his sports.

"Fairy-Legends of the French Provinces."

THE 'FAIRY-LEGENDS' of the French Provinces, translated by Mrs. M. Carey and published by Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. (\$1.25), will introduce the children who may read them to many curious and entertaining creations of Old-World fancy, and the older people who make folk-lore a study to some interesting variants of tales perhaps better told elsewhere. The Gaelic version of the tale of 'The Skilful Thief,' for instance, is much superior to the Breton version, which is here translated; and Croker's is far better than Henri Carnoy's rendering of the story of 'The Fairies and the Hunchbacks,' which figures in this volume of translations as a story of Picardy. But many of the stories here collected will be new even to investigators of folk-lore mysteries. Such are the Creole story, 'Papa Tiger and Papa Sheep' and 'Fauch Scouarnec.' Children will probably be delighted with them all, and will make no odious comparisons. Mrs. Carey is an ideal story-teller, who stops when the action stops, and who despises a moral; and everybody may feel assured that, so far as she is concerned, these tales have been transmitted to us without other alteration than what is necessary in translating from one tongue into another.

Minor Notices of Books for the Young.

FAIRY-TALES are hardly in fashion. If you doubt it, write one for the children's magazines, and see what becomes of it. Nevertheless, fairy-lore is not entirely extinct; and there will be many youthful readers who will care for 'Lulu's Library,' by Louisa M. Alcott (\$1, Roberts Bros.)—a compilation of pretty little fairy-stories written by the author when she was only sixteen years old.—Miss Mary A. Lathbury, whose delightful 'Seven Little Maids' was a feature of the Christmas season a year or two ago, has now illustrated a charming book for the little ones called 'Twelve Times One.' The verses are selections from Mrs. Browning, Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Craik, Swinburne, and others, each for a birthday, and Miss Lathbury's water-color drawings are reproduced most delicately in color. (\$1.75, Worthington Co.)—*Our Little Ones Annual* for 1887 (\$1.75, Estes & Lauriat) is an especially dainty little volume, with 376 original illustrations and a great variety of short stories, verses, and jingles, by favorite authors.—*Chatter-box*, issued by the same firm and at the same price, is so well-known that we need only announce its arrival for 1887, with its usual store of anecdote, verse, puzzles and stories.

Boston Letter.

DURING her customary summer vacation in Europe, from which she has just returned, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has been writing letters to the *Boston Herald*; and in one of recent date she tells the story of a contributor, who, having lost faith in the judgment and sincerity of editors and publishers, attempted to palm off 'Samson Agonistes' as his own in order to see how they (the natural enemies of authors) would treat an immortal work by Milton. It was rejected by all and for various reasons. One publisher refused it because the subject was 'too risky'; another,—a flatterer this evidently,—said it was 'equal to the best work of the minor poets' but not saleable; a third described it as 'show-

ing considerable promise,' and a fourth objected to the influence of Rider Haggard visible in it, and suggested that prose would be superior to verse as the medium of such sensationalism. Several expressed a willingness to print it if the author would pay the expenses of the book. Not one of them—but the editor of a magazine to whom he sent it—recognized Milton's strong pinion in 'Like a Giant Refreshed'—the title under which the great poem went masquerading. Two inferences might be drawn from this: one is that English editors and publishers are not familiar with the classics of English literature, and the other that Milton, if he were alive, might hobble up and down many flights of editorial stairs only to learn that 'Paradise Lost' would not do.

If anybody with a rejected manuscript in his pocket can be comforted by such reflections, he, who probably needs comforting, ought, perhaps, to be left undisturbed in his enjoyment, and I, for one, should not be inclined to deprive him of his consolation if the story did not leave a false and mischievous impression. I think that this wag's experience could not be easily repeated, and I should like to know whereabouts in Fetter Lane or Fleet Street he sought a market. Not all London publishers are like Mr. Kegan Paul, scholars and *littérateurs* themselves, but there are few who cannot tell a hawk from a henschaw. Generally they are men whose vast experience with books has engendered an intuitive insight of literary values, and yet with all that they have a modest habit, not at all common among authors, of constantly deferring to the judgment of others. Here comes Mr. Wellcontent with a novel—a great novel, of course, which only needs pushing to be made the success of the season. The publisher perhaps, reads it himself, but whether he likes it or not, he is pretty sure to hand it over to the reader whom he employs in the honest belief that this person has intelligence and critical acumen as well as a sort of journalistic apprehension of the public taste. It is certain that publishers do not employ readers for the purpose of allowing them to vent their malice and spite and to discourage genius, either rising or at the zenith. But if Mr. Wellcontent's novel is rejected, he concludes that the publisher and reader are a couple of fools, or that they are leagued in a personal conspiracy against him.

The misunderstanding may be put in a very few words. It is possible that there are editors and publishers who have not read 'Samson Agonistes' and are incapable of appreciating it; who would tell Addison that his essays were lacking in purpose and Fielding that he ought to have more dialogue; but, however mistaken they may be, they judge honestly according to their lights, and without conspiracy. A work of genius rarely perishes; it survives immeasurable discouragement, and when its true quality is recognized those who have been blind to it have the chagrin of seeing what an opportunity they have lost. We may admit that publishers and their readers sometimes err in judgment, but when they do they lose more than the rejected author who takes his manuscript to another house which reaps a profit from the book.

I have often been impressed by the care which the publishers of books and periodicals take to prevent such errors. A periodical I know of in Boston submits every manuscript received to three readers. Each reader writes an opinion on it which is not seen by the other two, and it is then referred to the editor-in-chief. If two readers are in favor of the manuscript it is accepted, and if two are against it is rejected. If there is any marked difference of opinion the editor-in-chief reads and decides on the manuscript himself. In most instances, however, the readers, basing their judgment on the adaptability of the manuscript to the peculiar needs of the paper, are unanimous. Similar safeguards are adopted, I believe, by all the leading magazines. When a book is offered to a publisher he has to pay the reader a fee of about ten dollars for examining it, and when it is remembered that ten books are examined to one accepted it will

be seen that in this outlay he gives substantial evidence of his desire to procure any book that has a chance of popular success.

The wisest of publishers cannot always foretell results, however, and as an illustration of this I may repeat what was told to me on Saturday by Mr. William Lee, the senior member of the firm of Lee & Shepard. The manuscript of a story was offered to them and read, but owing to the pressure of other matters, no decision was sent to the author for several months. It was a simple story of domestic life, and it seemed to them and to their reader that it would scarcely circulate to the extent of the modest three thousand which is necessary to pay expenses. Meanwhile the author was complaining of the delay, and, at last, though they had not changed their minds, they decided to publish her book out of friendliness to her, as other works of hers were already on their list. It had a taking title, and quite unexpectedly it captivated the popular fancy. Ten thousand copies were sold in two weeks, and the orders for it went on increasing until those arriving in one day required fourteen thousand copies. The title, indeed, became part of the current slang of the country and was quoted on the stage and by newspaper paragraphers with endless variations. Over one hundred thousand copies were sold in a year—and the author put over ten thousand dollars into her pocket from royalties. Then she attempted a sequel to it which seemed cleverer than the original story, but the sequel would not sell at all; and what was more disastrous, the moment it appeared the sale of the other book stopped altogether—proving what a capricious thing the popular fancy is, and how authors and publishers alike are but mortal.

The trick of palming off a classic as the work of a new writer is an old one, by the way. When the author of 'The Discourager of Hesitancy' was about twelve years old he sent a poem to a religious paper published in Baltimore, and when it was returned to him he made up his mind that the editor was an ignorant person who could not appreciate a good thing, and who would have rejected the works of Shakespeare and Milton had they been offered to him. To prove this point he copied out one of Milton's devotional poems and having attached a fictitious name to it he sent it to the same editor, expecting that it would be sent back. The editor at once recognized its merits and printed it, however, though it must be confessed that he failed to detect the fictitious character of the alleged author.

BOSTON, November 28.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

### The Symphony Society.

THE concerts of the Symphony Society do not bear comparison with those of the Philharmonic Society or Mr. Thomas's Orchestra in point of technical excellence or interpretation for reasons obvious enough to musical amateurs. The Metropolitan Opera House is a vast place, and though its acoustic properties are good, to fill it adequately with sound a band must be numerous, well drilled and devoted to its work. Slipshod playing robs musical sound of that compactness, balance and vitality which are essential, if it is to fall upon the ear in satisfying quantity and quality; and the musicians of the Symphony Society, we fear, do not play under Mr. Damrosch's direction with the sincerity of purpose which the public demands and the conductor should command. Hence it is that the concerts of the organization are more interesting for the music they bring forward than for the manner of its interpretation. Such, at least, was the case at the second concert this season, last Saturday evening. The programme was unique. First, there was a new symphony by Eugene d'Albert, a young musician of somewhat mixed nationality (British born, of Continental parentage), who was known to the audience, if at all, only as a pianist of brilliant reputation. A second novelty was an excerpt (Introduction and Serenade) from 'Namouna,' by Edouard Lalo, a French composer whose works have



figured but little in American concert schemes. Finally Mr. Damrosch grouped 'Three Romantic Overtures'—Webster's 'Freischütz,' Wagner's 'Flying Dutchman,' and Berlioz's 'Corsair,'—as if some special information or peculiar pleasure were to be derived from the sequence. The symphony was a disappointment; it does not compare with the American work by Mr. Arthur Bird with which Mr. Damrosch opened his last season, either in the value of its thematic contents or their development. The other novelty was brightly scored music full of the poetical spirit of the East. Mr. Alvary was the soloist of the occasion and sang 'Dalla sua pace,' from Mozart's 'Don Giovanni,' and a spirited ballad, 'Siegfried's Sword,' of which the words were by Uhland and the music by the late Dr. Damrosch, the father of the conductor.

### The Lounger

IT IS OFTEN said that an author places a much higher value on his manuscripts than a publisher does. The reason for this, say the cynical, is that it is 'all talk' on the part of the author—that he does nothing to prove his belief, while if the publisher believes in a manuscript he is willing to invest a good round sum in it. This theory is now knocked on the head by the following paragraph clipped from an evening paper:

A well-known author, who does not wish to have his name mentioned, lost a manuscript novel of 500 octavo pages last Thursday while walking from the Authors Club to the Lorraine Library, at No. 41 West Thirty-first Street. The novel was written by a typewriter and bears the author's name. He has offered a reward of \$1,000 for its return.

THIS LAST line not only shows that the author believes in his manuscript, but that he is willing to demonstrate his belief very practically. Whoever he may be, he has my heartfelt sympathy. I can imagine few things more trying than the loss of a manuscript. It suggests a thousand possibilities, not the least of them its publication by the finder over his own name, while the real author, if he claims its ownership, causes his friends to shake their heads and place him among the claimants to the authorship of the Saxe Home stories, 'The Breadwinners' and 'Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.'

THE EDITOR of the Boston *Globe* evidently understands human nature pretty well. He is continually on the alert for new ideas for advertising his paper, and he has just hit upon one that will give him a high place among ingenious advertisers. He has published in a conspicuous column of his paper an invitation 'to all mothers' to send him 'some cute remark of one of her little ones' for publication 'some Sunday soon.' This collection of bright sayings he is quite safe in saying 'will interest every mother, and every father' (he might have added every aunt) in New England. There is more than one clever stroke in this invitation. You see he does not pin himself down to any particular date of publication. 'Some Sunday soon' is the only clue he gives, and you can see how the Sunday editions of the paper are going to be bought up until the right one appears, with its collection of infantile wit and wisdom. I envy the editor the circulation he will get for these editions, but I don't envy him the task of editing the letters and postal cards of juvenilia; for it will probably take most of the mothers five times as long as necessary to reach the points of their stories.

THE PORTRAIT of Charles Darwin which accompanies the English as well as the American edition of his *Life* was made by Kruell, an American engraver. The family saw a portrait engraving in Harper's *Monthly* after a photograph of Darwin and liked it so much better than the original picture that they applied to Mr. Kruell for a replica. They considered that the engraver had caught something in the famous scientist's face that the rays of the sun had failed to transfer to the photographer's negative.

IN A LETTER to the November *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Hallam Tennyson said that his father receives nothing for the sale of his books in America. The late Mr. James T. Fields once promised him a handsome sum *per annum*, but withdrew from the firm of which he was a member and consequently sent him nothing. Mr. Tennyson would have spoken more accurately, perhaps, if he had said that his father received nothing from any American publishing house; for I have no doubt Messrs. Macmillan & Co., through their American agents, sell many thousands of volumes of his poems here every year, and so are better able to give him the \$20,000 or \$25,000 *per annum* which they are reputed to pay for the priv-

ilege of putting their imprint on his books. The beautifully printed one-volume edition, at \$1.50, ought to sell here to the extent of many thousands annually, whether it does so or not.

MAX O'RELL went to see Mark Twain last week, and was delighted with him. Since Mr. Beecher's death, he says, Mark is, to the British mind, the typical American; if he should show himself in any hall in London, the place would be packed to the doors, even if he weren't to open his lips, so great is his trans-Atlantic fame, and the curiosity to see him. I wonder that Mr. Clemens doesn't gratify this not unnatural anxiety of the millions of people in England who read his books, and—I am happy to say—pay for the privilege of reading them.

### The Fine Arts

#### Art Notes.

A SERIES of paintings called 'The Five Senses,' by Hans Makart, is on exhibition at 16 East 14th Street. The pictures represent feeling, hearing, sight, smell and taste, in the shape of beautiful women, nude except for a few accessories of drapery and jewelry. 'Feeling' shows a woman with a child on her left shoulder emerging from a pool in the wood. 'Hearing' is also posed in a landscape, with her hand behind her ear. 'Sight' is represented by a beautiful girl, gazing into a hand-mirror. 'Smell' holds a flower to her nose. 'Taste,' an entirely undraped woman, is plucking a fruit from a tree.

About 100 artists met at the Academy on Nov. 25 to arrange for sending a representative collection of American pictures to the coming exhibition at Munich. The committee of arrangements consists of Eastman Johnson, Thomas Moran, Edward Gay and William M. Chase. The same artists will probably form part of the American Jury of Selection.

'Engravings on Wood,' just published by Harper & Bros., consists of twenty-five plates by members of the Society of American Wood-engravers, among them Kruell, King, French, Bernstrom, Closson, and Putnam, with an Introduction and descriptive letter-press by W. M. Laffan. 'In any comment on this book,' Messrs. Harper generously acknowledge, 'due credit must be given to American publishers generally, through whose liberality and intelligent perseverance during the last fifteen years artists in wood-engraving have been enabled and encouraged to strive for the great excellence they have attained.'

The fall exhibition of American paintings and sculpture at the American Art Association rooms opened on Thursday. Nearly 600 pictures have been collected for it. Makart's famous painting 'Diana's Hunting Party' is one of them.

The 21st annual exhibition of the American Water-Color Society will open at the Academy of Design on Jan. 30 and close on Feb. 25. Works will be received from Jan. 9 to 11.

The autumn exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Club was opened at the Art Association galleries, Brooklyn, Nov. 29, to continue for two weeks.

Mr. St. Gaudens's 'Puritan' was unveiled on Thanksgiving at Springfield, Mass. A semi-circular hedge behind it rises as high as the shoulders of the statue, and forms a pedestal. A bench is placed in front, and at the end of the grassplot is a fountain with a circular basin.

Nine cartoons in charcoal, designs by Signor C. Maccari, for frescoes in the Palace of Justice in Rome, are on exhibition at the Schaus gallery. Five are of historical subjects. The largest of these represent 'The Return of Regulus to Carthage,' 'Appius Claudius Caecus entering the Senate to oppose peace with Pyrrhus,' and 'Cicero declaiming against Catiline.' One of the smaller ones represents the Goths entering Rome, and another shows Curius Dentatus rejecting the gifts of the Samnite embassy. The other cartoons depict 'Literature and Art,' 'Agriculture and Trade,' and 'Science' and 'War.'

The Loubon and Durand-Ruel collection at the Moore gallery, announced for sale on Nov. 30 and Dec. 1 and 2, contained good examples of Benassit, Huguet, Silley, John Lewis Brown, Daubigny, Georges Michel and Corot. Very interesting were some truthful luminous gouache impressions of peasant life, which had all the tone and treatment of pastels. A good landscape, a woodland subject, was 'On the Loire,' by Pelouze. Eight Monticellis, in a different manner from most of this painter's work, and some landscapes by Damoye were also in the collection. Good pastels were those by Zandomenighi and Serret. The group of drawings was especially valuable. An almost monochromatic water-color impression of boats by Manet, a number of drawings by Lhermitte, one by Decamps, one by Rosa Bonheur, a sepia by Turner, and four drawings of lions by Barye, were full of interest.

—Mr. W. L. Lathrop has etched for Mr. Klackner Jules Breton's picture in the Seney collection, which was sold to Mr. John L. Mitchell of Milwaukee.

—*The Portfolio* for November has for its frontispiece a fine soft etching, by Rajon, of 'A Flower-girl' by Murillo. The only objection to it is that it presents the effect of an engraving rather than of an etching. The other large plates are an Elizabethan gallant, 'Knowest thou this Water-fly?' by Pettie, etched by G. W. Rhead, and Constable's 'The Hay-wain,' etched by E. P. Brandard. Lawrence Serle chats agreeably of old Lincoln's Inn.

—Jacques Wissler, an old Alsatian engraver, who engraved nearly all the plates from which the money and bonds of the Confederate States of America were made, died recently at Camden, N. J.

—The bronze statue of Gen. Philip Schuyler has been placed in the niche reserved for it in the Schuylerville monument. The only vacant niche is that on which the name of Benedict Arnold is inscribed.

—Mr. Gullick, a London artist and art-writer, has opened in Fifth Avenue a gallery of decorative paintings on mirrors and window-glass by himself and his assistants. This art is a modern adaptation of an old Italian form of decoration, and as practised by Mr. Gullick has met with appreciation in London art circles. The examples shown are chiefly of floral designs, in which the natural forms and colors are preserved. They are very effective and decorative, besides being technically well executed. The medium employed is a preparation of amber.

### A Literary Doctor's Habits.

[Felix L. Oswald, in *The Herald of Health*.]

DEAR DR. HOLBROOK: Your very kind note of the 23d ult. reached me here, in the highlands of the Southern Alleghanies, where my 'Health and Working Habits' have prompted me to spend the midsummer weeks of the last 14 years.

Allow me to preface my contribution with an observation suggested by the comparative study of your symposium of health rules, and which may serve as a key to certain problems involved in that comparison. The Pantheist, Goethe, once remarked that 'the history of the Church, from the earliest times to the latest, may be summed up as a scrimmage between Ariens and Athanasians,' low and high churchmen, as we might translate them, and I think that the host of our educational reformers might with equal fitness be divided into the contending factions of the Naturalists and Anti-naturalists. The latter party, most ably represented by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Chautauquan fame, seems to hold that 'Nature' is but a synonyme of confirmed habits. The bias of those habits they propose to regulate by arbitrary rules, suggested by the convenience of their private business exigencies or the dogmas of their special system of revealed metaphysics, and which they would force upon their physical organism, regardless of its protests, since the voice of instinct has no business whatever to interfere with the obligations of an orthodox, tithe-paying Christian.

Their opponents, comprising a fair majority of your contributors, maintain that we ought to recognize our place in the household of Nature, and the fact that the ample privileges of our free will are, after all, limited by certain primordial laws of our physical constitution, which we can disregard only at the risk of incurring a liability to penalties from which the interference of supernatural agencies will not save a subscriber of the Thirty-nine Articles any more than the agnostic brutes of the wilderness.

The fact seems to be that truth lies neither in the middle nor exactly at either extreme. On the whole, the idea that 'one man's meat is another man's poison' is a wretched fallacy, and in all essentials of hygiene truth is unitary, and conformity to a clearly defined law of Nature the only safe rule. But in respect to certain minor matters it is not less true that our organism has been endowed with a plasticity excluding the cogency of a uniform rule. Only in regard to the former, the paramount, law of Nature, can her disciples be safely referred to the test of personal experience. Four hundred years ago Luigi Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman, preached a gospel of dietetic reform, and promised long life and health to all who would confine themselves to an exact daily allowance of 14 ounces of wine and 12 ounces of solid food. But the membership of his sect was always limited, for the evidence of experience convinced inquirers that a man may enjoy exuberant health on 40 ounces of solid food and without a drop of wine, or even on a regimen of alternate fast-days and feast-days. The reason is that the typical constitution of our body was formed during a period, measured perhaps by thousands of centuries, when our half simian ancestors roamed the woods in quest of a rather uncertain food supply, which often obliged them to spice the lenten

fare of successive weeks with the hope of a compensating day of revelry.

But during all those ages our primogenitors breathed the pure air of the wilderness, and I believe that but few of their descendants who could be induced to compare the influence of oxygen and azotic gases, could ever again be persuaded to torture their lungs with the miasma of unventilated tenements. They will loathe foul air as they would the taste of tainted food; they will open the bedroom windows of a stifling country tavern and drink in the cool night air, as confident of relief as the desert pilgrim who quenches his thirst at the cool rock-spring of the oasis. The evidence that pulmonary complaints are inevitably and exclusively caused by foul indoor air, and cured by pure, especially by cold-pure, outdoor air, can grow convincing to a degree almost afflictive to a philanthropist, who must often feel like a traveller seeing his companions groping in the gloom of a subterranean labyrinth and refusing to follow the clew that has led him back to the sunshine of the upper world.

The remedial influence of fresh air is so much increased by a low temperature that 'colds' are, in fact, far more curable in midwinter than in midsummer. I was shot through the lungs in Mexico, and have ever since been susceptible to the contagion of a 'catarrh factory,' as a radical friend of mine calls the unventilated school-rooms and meeting-houses of our country towns. In warm weather I avoid such man-traps as I would the pit of a gas well; but in winter I risk the infection of their lung poisons in the assurance that its influence can be counteracted by an extra dose of ice-air. On returning from a crowded lecture hall, a stifling sick-room, a stuffy omnibus, etc., I remove my bed to the draft side of the house and open a window to the full capacity of its mechanism, taking care to go to sleep with my face turned in the direction of the draft. After such nights I have often awakened with my hair grizzled with hoar-frost, but without the slightest vestige of the catarrh which at the end of the preceding day had announced its approach by unmistakable symptoms.

Cold, besides being an antiseptic, is a powerful digestive stimulant, and I here record the prediction that the hospitals of the future will be ice-houses. Dyspepsia, catarrh, and fevers of every kind could be frozen out of the system. Not by letting a naked patient shiver in a snow-bank, but by giving him an extra allowance of warm bed clothing, with the additional luxury of breathing ice-cold air, which under such circumstances becomes as decidedly preferable to hot miasma as cold spring water to warm ditch water. I have also found that the best brain work can be done in a cold room, and that stove heat, with or without smoke, has a tendency to stultify like a narcotic beverage. Shawls, lined dressing gowns and a double pair of warm socks make stove fires tolerably dispensable; but it long puzzled me how to keep my hands warm, till I bethought myself of fitting a hollow writing-desk with a receptacle for a pailful of hot water, which in larger quantities, say 10 to 12 quarts, will retain its temperature for a surprisingly long time and warm the desk, as well as the surface strata of books and writing paper. For mechanical occupation a light dress and a moderately warmed room are on the whole preferable. Play-rooms, reading-rooms, and dining-rooms are none the worse for a cheerful chimney fire. The larger the room, though, the better; in a hall, 'torrid at one end and arctic at the other,' the inhabitants can distribute themselves in accordance with their climatic predilections, and be far more comfortable than in a narrow sweat-box. My private opinion always leads me to prefer the polar extreme, the coolest corner of a meeting-house, and in a railway car the rear seat, where a window or two can be opened at discreet intervals. The arrangements of a Pullman sleeper preclude that hope, and I have always preferred to pass my railway nights on a self-constructed couch in the draft of a window cranny, and under cover of a head shawl to keep out cinders and dust.

In regard to diet, I have found it the best plan to regulate the quality of my food and let the quantity take care of itself. Unnatural appetencies have no natural limits; a man may swill down twelve glasses of lager beer and hanker after the thirteenth, or distend every cubic inch of his paunch with peppered ragouts, and regret the geometrical reasons that force him to desist. But there is no such danger with natural food. A hungry man may eat 'his fill' of bread and apples, of bean soup, of rice pudding and milk, and never bewail the promptings of unregenerate nature, which the oracle of the Boston starvation school would have us suppress at every hour of the day, and even in babies and animals. Those prophets of self-denial seem to hold with one of Colonel Ingersoll's theological friends, that 'the Lord never made a man that did not deserve to be damned the moment He finished him,' and that we can avoid temporal and eternal ruin only by thwarting our instincts at every step. If the constitution of man were really founded on such a basis it would be hard to blame the Egyptians for celebrating



their funerals with dances and bonfires. For the crapulent victims of unnatural habits, self-restraint is, indeed, an inexorable preliminary of recovery, but under normal circumstances it is comfortably certain that 'to enjoy is to obey,' and that the pure may follow his inclinations with impunity.

But it is true that such privileges require absolute abstinence from all toxic stimulants. The inclinations of a coffee drinker lead as surely to excess as the hankerings of a rum-drinker; but I have always doubted the correctness of the classification which includes chocolate among the tributaries of the poison stream. The aromatic principle of cocoa seems to be generically distinct from the stimulating elements of tea and coffee, and can be relished without growing on the habit and relinquished without midnight prayer-meetings; in short should be classified with the condiments, comforts and sherberts rather than with the besetting stimulants.

And my vegetarian friends, I think, have been led into a similar mistake in classing eggs, butter and honey with the objectionable varieties of animal food. Our next relatives, the instinct-guided four-handers, should have a casting vote on that point. I have owned monkeys of at least 20 different species, and they all agreed in rejecting flesh food in every form, and preferring eggs, milk, butter and honey to all but the daintiest fruits. A child instinctively turns with disgust from the gory carcasses of a slaughter-house; but who ever heard of a youngster shuddering at sight of a honey-comb or a nest full of eggs? I can rarely eat meat of any kind, without paying the penalty in a feeling of gastric distress, followed by a more or less distinct nausea and troubled dreams; but the closest observation has never enabled me to notice such symptoms as an after-effect of an omelette or a piece of bread and butter.

I have thus far been able to regulate the internal economy of my organism by prescriptions of diet and exercise, and I have found the legumina—beans, peas and lentils, the most effective of all dietetic aperients. On very warm days rice with cold milk and fruit will cool the system as thoroughly as a trip to the Thousand Islands; and as a brain-food Graham bread and soft-boiled eggs, I think, prove equal, if not superior, to any kind of fish. On busy days, brain-workers, as well as mechanics, will find it an invaluable rule never to eat till they have leisure to digest. Hard work of any kind, immediately after a full meal, is sure to revenge itself by all sorts of peptic troubles. As a rule, I take my principal meal at the end of the working day, say 4 P.M. in winter, and two hours later in midsummer. The sweltering noon is not a favorable time for repletion, nor is the early morning, when the energies of the system should not be unduly monopolized by the work of digestion. A heavy breakfast handicaps a worker for the rest of the forenoon, and of all the wretched slaves of conventional abuses, the most to be pitied are, perhaps, counting-house clerks and school-teachers, who have to bolt their dinner in a minimum of time and hasten back to their drudgery, often in a temperature that must tempt them to barter a week of their lives for one hour of undisturbed sleep. A light breakfast and late dinner surprisingly ease the burden of the hottest working day. I never take a noon-day lunch, and in special exigencies a sort of instinct has often prompted me to dispense with my regular breakfast, too, and go to work after chewing up a fraction of a hard crust or a couple of dried prunes.

Just as proper changes of diet can enable us to dispense with drugs, out-door sports in almost any climate can be made to answer the purpose of sea-baths and watering-places. With some definite object in view, a log to move, a thicket to pass, a boat to propel against wind and currents, even an invalid can beguile himself out of an amazing amount of strenuous, and yet not unpleasant, efforts. For my part, I always preferred to take my dose of exercise in the form of mountain excursions. I walk with a long stick, so as to make my arms take a fair share of the work, and climb up hill for six or eight miles without a stop and without any but respiratory inconvenience. Starting at five in the morning, I reach my hill-top goal before noon, investigate my provender bag at the spring, rest or saunter for a couple of hours and get home in time for a bath and a good supper. One such trip stimulates my organism for half a month. Combined with an aperient diet, that simple remedy has repeatedly helped me to break a spell of asthma, which drugs seemed only to aggravate; and I have observed that pedestrianism produces its tonic after effects with un-failing regularity, while horseback exercise somehow or other is apt to become routine work, like railway travel and sleigh-riding. On long summer days I have found it an excellent plan to alternate desk work with such outdoor exercises as gardening, ditching or amateur house-building or repairing; even half an hour of such *intermezzos* seeming to restore the tone of the cerebral organ as effectively as a good nap.

Promiscuous conversation has too often an opposite effect. It diverts in both senses of the word; the brain loses its half-arranged

clews, and outlines and wastes its potential energy on small talk. And though there is such a thing as stimulating conversation, this age of conventional patent-inside opinions have made it so exceptional a phenomenon that the victims of experience learn, with a sigh, to omit it from the list of staple recreations, and, especially on busy days, rather to stint themselves in their allowance of social diversions.

But brain-workers should rarely try to stint themselves in sleep. Eight hours a night, with a half-hour noontide nap, is about the minimum condition of wide-awake intervals. The stimulus of a soul-stirring problem may enable us to burn the midnight oil, and be up again with the morning sun for weeks together; but in the long run, work under such conditions is almost sure to become machine work, batched off *invita Minerva*, and lacking the flavor of spontaneous inspirations. The system of early rising, carried to such extremes in many of our boarding-schools and orphan homes, does out and out more harm than good. It impairs the vitality of the patient, and I would as soon rob a poor child of its food or its scanty clothing as to deprive it of sleep in the morning hours when digestion is finished and dreams become sweet. For orphans, as I know from experience, dreamland excursions are often for years the best refuge from the realities of Christian civilization.

Moreover, the enforced habit of early rising is very apt to avenge itself by insomnia. Sleeplessness, except as a consequence of distressing cares, is a penalty of overwork, and a wholly abnormal, however frequent, concomitant of old age. Under normal conditions of existence old men, reduced to the feebleness of childhood, are compensated by its capacity for protracted sleep. Infants sleep through the morning twilight of dawning reason; and towards the end of life, too, the gathering shadows of the long night invite to the slumbers which Nature spreads like a veil over the memories of the past and the mysteries of the future. Yours sincerely,

FELIX L. OSWALD.

TALLULAH, GEORGIA, August 5th, 1886.

### Henry D. Thoreau.\*

[H. S. Salt, in *Temple Bar*.]

MR. LOWELL, in an essay on Thoreau in 'My Study Windows,' finds fault with him for this hostility to the tendency of his age. He complains of his exaggerated idea of self-importance, which led him (according to the critic's view) to prize a lofty way of thinking, 'not so much because it was good in itself as because he wished few to share it with him.' I think this is very unfair to Thoreau, and due to a complete lack of sympathy with the spirit in which he wrote. Still more surprising is the assertion that Thoreau was the victim of a morbid self-consciousness, and that his didactic style was the outcome of an unhealthy mind! It is an unprofitable task for an admirer of a great man to combat charges such as these, which are only another proof, if proof were needed, of the fact that one man of genius is often lamentably and ludicrously unable to recognize and appreciate the merits of another, and that the best writers are often the most erroneous critics. It is impossible to estimate rightly any literary work, unless one is to some extent in sympathy with the aims and objects of the author; a qualification which Mr. Lowell certainly does not possess in the case of Thoreau. The culminating absurdity of his criticism is reached when he asserts that Thoreau 'had no humor.' The author of 'Walden' destitute of humor! Even Mr. Matthew Arnold's recent *dictum*, that Shelley's literary immortality will be due to his prose writings rather than his poems, must yield the place of honor among the curiosities of criticism to this amazing and unsurpassable utterance on the part of the author of 'The Biglow Papers.'

There is one aspect of Thoreau's teaching which is scarcely mentioned by his biographers, though it is of considerable importance in forming a just estimate of his character; I refer to his humanitarian views. His hatred of war is very strongly expressed in those passages where he condemns the iniquitous attack which the United States were then making on Mexico; war, he says, is 'a damnable business'; since those concerned in it, 'soldiers, colonel, captain, corporal, powder-monkeys, and all,' are in reality peaceably inclined, and are forced to fight against their common sense and consciences.<sup>1</sup>

Of his detestation of the system of slavery I shall have occasion to speak farther on. But Thoreau went much farther than this; his humanity was shown not only in his relations to men, but also in his dealings with the lower animals. Emerson tells us that, though a naturalist, Thoreau used neither trap nor gun—a fact which must have been independently noticed by all readers of 'Walden' or the diaries. It was his habit to eat no flesh; though

\* Continued from Nov. 26, and concluded.

1. Essay on Civil Disobedience.

with characteristic frankness he confesses to having once slaughtered and devoured a woodchuck which ravaged his bean-field. He laughs at the farmer who tells him that it is not possible to live on vegetable food alone, walking at that very time behind the oxen, 'which, with vegetable-made bones, jerk him and his lumbering plough along in spite of every obstacle.' Yet at the same time, it must be admitted that he was not a consistent vegetarian, for we find constant mention of his fishing in Walden Pond, and his dinner was sometimes composed of 'a mess of fish.' This apparent contradiction in Thoreau's dietetic philosophy is explained in that chapter of 'Walden' which is headed 'Higher Laws,' where we find the fullest statement of his views on the humanitarian question. He begins by remarking that he finds in himself two instincts—one towards a higher and more spiritual life; the other, the hunting-instinct, towards a primitive and savage state. He reverences both of these instincts, being of opinion that there is 'a period in the history of individuals, as of the race, when the hunters are the best men.' It is natural, he thinks, that boys and youths should wish to shoulder a fowling-piece and betake themselves to the woods; but (and here is the essence of Thoreau's teaching on this subject) 'at last, if he has the seeds of a better life in him, he distinguishes his proper objects, as a poet or naturalist it may be, and leaves the gun and fish-pole behind.' Thoreau himself had sold his gun long before his sojourn at Walden, and though he did not feel the same scruple about fishing, he nevertheless confesses that he could not fish 'without falling off a little in self-respect.' This leads him to dwell on the whole question of food, and he states his own opinion as being very strongly in favor of a purely vegetarian diet as being at once more cleanly, more economical, and more moral than the usual system of flesh-food.\* 'Whatever my own practice may be,' he adds, 'I have no doubt that it is a part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other when they came in contact with the more civilized.' This is Thoreau's testimony to that particular brand of the humanitarian movement which claims that without it no other can in itself be logical or consistent; and it is perhaps the more valuable testimony as coming from a perfectly unprejudiced witness, one who, as he himself says, could at times 'eat a fried rat with good relish.'

The last point connected with Thoreau's teaching on which it will be necessary to enter, is the subject of politics. And here one might be tempted to state briefly, and once for all, that Thoreau had nothing to do with politics; and thus follow the example of that writer on natural history, mentioned by De Quincey, who, after heading a chapter with the words 'Concerning the Snakes of Iceland,' proceeded to remark, 'There are no snakes in Iceland.' But though Thoreau was no politician in the ordinary use of the word, and never voted in his life, yet, in another sense, he took a good deal of interest in American state-affairs, especially during the latter years of his life, and left several pamphlets and lectures of the highest possible merit. In his essay on 'Civil Disobedience' he gives expression to that strong feeling of individualism which caused him to resent the meddling and muddling propensities, as they seemed to him, of American government, as seen in the Mexican war abroad, and slavery at home. 'Must the citizen,' he asks, 'resign his conscience to the legislator?' In one way he felt he could make a vigorous protest, and that was on the occasion when he confronted the Government in the person of its tax-collector. He refused to pay the poll-tax, and was on this account once put into prison, the true place, as he says, for a just man, 'under a Government that imprisons any unjustly.' His own account of his incarceration, and the night he spent in prison, may be found, told in his best and most incisive style, in this same essay on 'Civil Disobedience.' The two main causes of this withdrawal of his allegiance to the State were, as I have already said, the aggressive war waged on Mexico and the maintenance of slavery in Massachusetts; he did not care 'to trace the course of his dollar,' paid in taxes to the State, 'till it buys a man, or a musket to shoot one with.' On the subject of slavery he was strongly and profoundly moved. No more powerful and eloquent indictment of the iniquities of that unholy traffic was ever published than in his three papers on 'Slavery in Massachusetts,' 'A Plea for Captain John Brown,' and 'The Last Days of John Brown.' Those who have hitherto imagined Thoreau to have been a mere recluse, interesting only as a hermit in an age when hermits are somewhat out of date, will be obliged to reconsider their opinion, if they take into consideration these splendid essays, so full of sound common-sense, trenchant satire, and noble enthusiasm for humanity.

But it is time now to bid farewell to Thoreau in his character of philosopher and moralist, and to view him awhile in another light,

He has been well called by Ellery Channing the 'Poet-Naturalist'; for to the ordinary qualifications of the naturalist—patience, watchfulness, and precision—he added in a rare degree the genius and inspiration of the poet. He may be described as standing midway between old Gilbert White of Selborne, the naturalist *par excellence*, and Michelet, the impassioned writer of that wonderful book 'L'Oiseau.' He had all that amazing knowledge of the country, its Fauna and Flora, which characterized Gilbert White, his familiarity with every bird, beast, insect, fish, reptile, and plant, being something little less than miraculous to the ordinary unobservant townsman. Very suggestive of Selborne, too, was that pocket-diary of Thoreau's, in which were entered the names of all the native Concord plants, and the date of the day on which each would bloom. 'His power of observation,' Emerson tells us, 'seemed to indicate additional senses.'

On the other hand, he equalled Michelet—and it is scarcely possible to give him greater praise than this—in that still higher creative power, which can draw from a scientific fact of natural history a poetical thought or image to be applied to the life of man. As Michelet could see in the heron the type of fallen grandeur, the dispossessed monarch still haunting the scenes of his former glory; or in the woodpecker the sturdy solitary workman of the forest, neither gay nor sad in mood, but happy in the performance of his ceaseless task; so Thoreau delighted in idealizing and moralizing on the facts which he noted in his daily rambles by forest, river, or pond. He sees the pincushion galls on the young white oaks in early summer, the most beautiful object of the woods, though but a disease and excrescence, 'beautiful scarlet sins, they may be.' 'Through our temptations,' he adds, 'ay, and our falls, our virtues appear.' Countless instances of this kind of thought could be picked out from his diaries and the pages of 'Walden'; in fact, Thoreau has been blamed, and not altogether without reason, for carrying this moralizing tendency to excess—a fault which he perhaps acquired through the influence of the Transcendental movement. In love of birds he certainly yielded no whit to Michelet himself; and he is never weary of recording his encounters with the bob-o'-links, catbirds, whip-poor-wills, chickadees, and numerous other species. His paper on the 'Natural History of Massachusetts' gives a short and pithy summary of his experiences in this subject; but he had usually a strange dislike of writing detached memoirs, preferring to let the whole subject rest undivided in his mind. His studies as naturalist were too much a part of his whole character to be kept separate from the rest, and must therefore be sought for throughout the whole body of his works. This intense love of woodcraft, together with his taste for all Indian lore, and all hunting adventure, give a wild and racy charm to Thoreau's books which often reminds one of Defoe and other early writers.

On the subject of fishing not even Izaak Walton himself could write as Thoreau has done, though one is somewhat reminded of the father of the 'gentle craft' in reading passages such as the following: 'Who knows what admirable virtue of fishes may be below low-water mark, bearing up against a hard destiny? Thou shalt ere long have thy way up all the rivers, if I am not mistaken. Yea, even thy dull watery dream shall be more than realized. Keep a stiff fin then, and stem all the tides thou mayst meet.' Still more wonderful are the descriptions of the weird and mysterious characteristics of fishing—the cork that goes dancing down the stream when suddenly 'emerges this fabulous inhabitant of another element, a thing heard of but not seen, as if it were the creation of an eddy, a true product of the running stream; or, still more memorable, the midnight fishing on Walden Pond when the angler, anchored in forty feet of water, 'communicated with a long flaxen line with mysterious nocturnal fishes' below, now and then feeling a vibration along the line 'indicative of some life prowling about its extremity, some dull uncertain blundering purpose.'

If Thoreau could thus sympathize with the mysteries of fish-life, we are the better able to believe what his biographers more than once tell us, that fishes often swam into his hand and would allow him to lift them out of the water, to the unspeakable amazement of his companions in the boat. His influence over animals seems indeed to have been little less than miraculous, and recalls many of the legends of the anchorites in the Middle Ages and of St. Francis d'Assisi. As Kingsley has pointed out in his 'Hermits,' the power of attracting wild animals was doubtless in large measure due to the hermits' habit of sitting motionless for hours, and their perfect freedom from anger or excitement, so that there is nothing absurd or improbable in such stories as those of the swallows sitting and singing on the knees of St. Guthlac, or the robin building its nest in St. Karilef's hood. Much the same is recorded of Thoreau's habitual patience and immobility. Emerson tells us that 'he knew

\* Vide especially pp. 230-235.

\* A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, p. 44.



how to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish, which had retired from him, should come back and resume its habits, nay, moved by curiosity, should come to him and watch him.\* Of all such stories of strange sympathy between men and the lower animals none are so beautiful as those recorded in the life of St. Francis; but certainly Thoreau may claim the honor of having approached nearest in modern times to that sense of perfect brotherhood and sympathy with all innocent creatures. There is a singular resemblance between the legend of the tench which followed the boat in which St. Francis was praying and some of the anecdotes told about Thoreau.

Thoreau's retirement to Walden has naturally led many people to consider him as a sort of modern hermit, and the attraction he exercised over the inhabitants of the woods and waters was only one of many points of resemblance. There was the same recognition of the universal brotherhood of men, the same scorn of the selfish luxury and childish amusements of society, and the same impatience of the farce which men call 'politics,' the same desire of self-concentration and undisturbed thought. Thoreau also possessed, in a marked degree, that power of suddenly and strongly influencing those who conversed with him, which was so characteristic of the hermits. Young men who visited him were often converted in a moment to the belief 'that this was the man they were in search of, the man of men, who could tell them all they should do.'† But it would be a grievous wrong to Thoreau to allow this comparison, a just one up to a certain point, to be drawn out beyond its fair limits. He was something more than a solitary. He had higher aims than the anchorites of old. He went to the woods, as he himself has told us, because he wished 'to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life.'‡ So far he was like the hermits of the East. But it was only a two-years' sojourn, not a life-visit that he made to Walden; his object was not merely to retire, but to fit himself for a more perfect life. He left the woods 'for as good reason as he went there,' feeling that he had several more lives to live, and could not spare more time for that one. Even while he lived at Walden he visited his family and friends at Concord every two or three days: indeed, one of his biographers asserts that he 'bivouacked' at Walden rather than actually lived there, though this is hardly the impression conveyed by Thoreau himself or other authorities. Very different also was Thoreau in his complete freedom from the morbid asceticism and unhealthy habit of body which too often distinguished the hermits. His frugality was deliberate and rational, based on the belief that the truest health and happiness must be sought in wise and unvarying moderation; but there was no trace of any unreasoning asceticism; his object being to vivify, not mortify, the flesh. His nature was essentially simple and vigorous; he records in his diary‡ that he thought bathing one of the necessities of life, and wonders what kind of religion could be that of a certain New England farmer, who told him he had not had a bath for fifteen years. Now we read of St. Anthony—and the same is told of most other hermits—that he never washed his body with water, and could not endure even to wet his feet; dirtiness therefore must be considered a *sine qua non* in the character of a true hermit, and this would entirely disqualify Thoreau for being ranked in that class. It is at once pleasanter and more correct, if we must make any comparisons at all, to compare him to the philosopher Epictetus, who lived in the vicinity of Rome in a little hut which had not so much as a door, his only attendant being an old servant-maid, and his property consisting of little more than an earthen lamp. Thoreau had the advantage over the Stoic in having no servant-maid at Walden; but as he indulged himself in a door, we may fairly set one luxury against the other, and the two philosophers may be classed on the whole as equally praiseworthy examples of a consistent simplicity and hardihood.

Thoreau's diaries afford much delightful reading, and give us a good insight into his character and mode of life. They abound in notes of his observations on Natural History, with here and there some poetical thought or moral reflection attached; sometimes there is an account of a voyage up the Assabet River, or a walking tour to Monadnock, or some other neighboring mountain. These diaries have lately been edited by Mr. H. G. O. Blake, a friend of Thoreau, who has arranged them according to seasons, § not years, various passages written in different years being grouped together under the same day of the month, thus giving a more connected picture of the climate under which Thoreau lived, and the scenes in which he took such delight.

Thoreau's poems are certainly the least successful part of his

work. They were published in various American magazines, and he is fond of interpolating parts of them in his books. Some selections from them may be found in Page's 'Life of Thoreau.'\* But it must be confessed that though Thoreau had a truly poetical mind, and though he may justly be styled the 'Poet-Naturalist,' he had not that power of expression in verse which is a necessary attribute of the true poet. Prose-poet let us call him, as we call De Quincey or Ruskin, or Hawthorne; but poet in the ordinary sense he was not. He was a clear-headed, fearless thinker, whose force of native shrewdness and penetration led him to test the value of all that is regarded as indispensable in artificial life and to reject much of it as unsound; he was gifted also with an enthusiastic love of nature, and with literary powers, which, if not of a wide and extensive range, were peculiarly appropriate—in an almost unrivalled degree—to the performance of that life-duty which he set before him as his ideal. He was in the truest sense an original writer; his work is absolutely unique. 'Walden' alone is sufficient to win him a place among the immortals, for it is incomparable alike in matter and in style, and deserves to be a sacred book in the library of every cultured and thoughtful man. Never was there written a book more simple, more manly, more beautiful, more pure; it is, as Thoreau himself describes the pond from which it derives its name, 'a gem of the first water which Concord wears in her coronet.'† Concord is indeed rich in literary associations and reminiscences of great men. Emerson—Hawthorne—Thoreau; these are mighty names, a trinity of illustrious writers, almost sufficient in themselves to represent a national literature. It is not the least of Thoreau's honors that he has won a place in this literary brotherhood; but perhaps his greatest claim to immortality will be found in the fact that there is a natural affinity and fellowship between his genius and that of Walt Whitman, the great poet-prophet of the large-hearted democracy that is to be.

We see in Walt Whitman the very incarnation of all that is free, healthy, natural, sincere. A leviathan among modern writers, he proclaims with titanic and oceanic strength the advent of the golden age of Liberty and Nature. He proclaims; but he will not pause to teach or rebuke; he leaves it to others to explain by what means this glorious democracy, this 'love of comrades,' may be realized, and contents himself with a mighty and irresistible expression of the fact. Thoreau, though less catholic and sanguine in tone, but rather an iconoclast, a prophet of warning and remonstrance, and, as such, narrower and intenser in scope, nevertheless shares to the full all Walt Whitman's enthusiasm for hardihood and sincerity. He sets himself to apply this same new doctrine of simplicity to the facts of everyday life, and by his practice and example teaches *how* the individual may realize that freedom of which the poet sings. While America produces such writers as these, there seems nothing exaggerated or improbable in the most sanguine forecast of the great future that awaits American literature, a future to which Thoreau, himself American to the backbone, looked forward with earnest and trustful anticipation.

'If the heavens of America,' he says, 'appear infinitely higher, and the stars brighter, I trust that these facts are symbolical of the height to which the philosophy, and poetry, and religion of her inhabitants may one day soar. At length, perchance, the immaterial heaven will appear as much higher to the American mind, and the intimations that star it as much brighter.'‡

Certain it is that of all philosophers, whether in the old world or the new, few have read the mysteries of this immaterial heaven and its starry intimations more truthfully and faithfully than Thoreau.

### Notes

MESSRS. DODD, MEAD & CO. have just issued a catalogue of 'rare and choice books, principally from the library of a private collector,' which will attract the attention of all book-lovers and something more than the attention of those lovers of books who are also buyers of them. Noteworthy entries are found under the heading Tennyson, where a list is given of the Laureate's successive publications, beginning with the 'Poems by Two Brothers' (1827) and ending with 'Locksley Hall: Sixty Years After' (1886). Many of these are first editions. The first four folios of Shakespeare (1623, -32, -64 and -85) are offered together for \$4.750. The original manuscript of Ruskin's Introduction to the first English reprint of Grimm's fairy-tales ('German Popular Stories'), illustrated by Cruikshank, with which are bound up all the business letters relat-

\* Emerson's Memoir of Thoreau, p. 18.

† Ellery Channing's Memoir, p. 18.

‡ Summer, pp. 352, 353.

§ Early Spring in Massachusetts, Summer, &c.

\* Pages 188-194.

† A friend who has lately visited Concord informs me that there is now a railway-station at Walden, boats are let out for hire on the pond, and the place is in process of becoming a fashionable resort. Thoreau's hut is no longer in existence, but its site is marked by a cairn.

‡ Excursions, p. 182.

ing to the edition, and other and more interesting matter, including a unique illustration of Browning's 'Pied Piper,' is prized at \$500. Other 'lots' piquing curiosity and cupidity alike are the various old folios (Lamb's 'midnight darlings'), and the modern illustrated books—the Cruikshanks, Leeches, Hablot K. Browns, Seymours, Rowlandsons, etc.

—Messrs. Ticknor & Co. announce for immediate publication 'The New Astronomy,' by S. P. Langley; 'New Waggings of Old Tales,' by Two Wags, illustrated by Oliver Herford; 'The White Sail, and Other Poems,' by Louise Imogen Guiney; 'Olden-Time Music,' edited by Henry M. Brooks, with an Introduction by Prof. E. S. Morse; 'Women and Work,' by Emily Pfeiffer; Aino Fairy Tales, No. 1, 'The Hunter in Fairy-Land,' No. 2, 'The Birds' Party,' by Basil H. Chamberlain (published by the Kobunsha, Tokio).

—Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Virginibus Puerisque' and his new volume, 'Memories and Portraits,' were issued on Thursday by Chas. Scribner's Sons. Mr. Stevenson's 'Prince Otto: a Romance,' was originally written, though never acted, as a play. Its first title was 'Semiramis: a Tragedy.'

—The character and achievement of the late Emma Lazarus were honored last Saturday in all the Jewish pulpits in this city except Dr. Gottheil's. Dr. Gottheil will devote a portion of to-day's service to a study of her life, and all the hymns sung will be from her writings. Next Friday's *American Hebrew* will be a memorial number, containing tributes from Jews and Christians alike, to the intellectual and moral force of the dead poet.

—Should the number of subscriptions justify the venture, Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. will issue in the spring a 'Review of the New York Music Season: 1887-8,' by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, uniform with the author's excellent reviews of the last two seasons.

—Chas. E. Merrill & Co. have bought the publishing right in Lalor's 'Cyclopædia of Political, Science, Political Economy, and the Political History of the United States,' heretofore owned by A. H. Andrews & Co. A new edition of the work is in press, and will be issued this month. It will continue to be sold by subscription.

—Macmillan & Co. announce a work on 'Musical Instruments—Historic, Rare and Unique,' containing fifty plates in chromolithography of rare and famous musical instruments, with introduction and descriptive notes by A. J. Hipkins, F. S. A. The subjects of illustrations have been obtained from private and public collections, including the remarkable one of the Loan Exhibition recently held at South Kensington.

—G. & C. Merriam & Co. announce that the constant editorial labor in progress on Webster's Dictionary has in view the ultimate revision of the entire work; but the elaborate and thorough preparation necessary for such a new issue is still far from complete. 'We shall publish no revised edition of the Unabridged for some years,' they say.

—Mr. A. Bronson Alcott celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday on Tuesday. It found him stronger and in better health than for many months past.

—Rev. Edward C. Towne is preparing a critical Life of Bacon, a work for which, says the Boston *Transcript*, there is special need, since 'Spedding's, which is so rich in materials, is the work of an apologist, who does not recognize the criticisms, such as Huxley's, Liebig's, Dr. E. A. Abbott's, and Dean Church's, which threaten, when fully worked out, to pull Bacon from his pedestal altogether.' The Shakespeare-Bacon 'question' will be dealt with in a second volume—a complete handbook of the discussion.

—Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, the 'farmer of Edgewood,' will contribute to *Wide Awake* next year a paper called 'Farm Life for Young People.'

—'The Court and Reign of Francis I., King of France,' by Julia Pardoe, in three handsome volumes, with uncut edges, illustrated with eighteen engraved portraits, etc., is published by Scribner & Welford.

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. have just issued two new translations from the Russian—'The Vagrant, and Other Tales,' by Vladimir Korolénko (a name new to American readers), and 'A Russian Proprietor, and Other Stories,' by Tolstoi.

—M. Zola's new book, 'La Terre,' is just out, and people who want something 'of the earth, earthy,' can now get it.

—Mrs. Alexander Carlyle has sent to the birth-place of her uncle at Ecclefechan, this year, several interesting relics from the house in Cheyne Row. On the wall of the apartment in which Carlyle was born hangs the old Dutch clock from the Chelsea kitchen; and in the same room there is a chair from the drawing-room, a reading-

table, and a reading-lamp and shade, a tobacco-cutter from Carlyle's bed-room cupboard, and a medallion of the famous writer as he appeared about 1854.

—Jenny Lind is said to have had a horror of her private life and letters being uncovered to the world. Her wishes in the matter have not been regarded, however. 'Her friend Canon Scott Holland tells this in the forthcoming number of *Murray's Magazine*, says the London correspondent of the *Times*, and then proceeds to give a lot of recollections of her which quite justify her terror of literary executors. Many of his anecdotes show the harsh and disagreeable side of her nature.'

—'Pilgrims and Puritans,' by Miss N. Moore, is announced by Ginn & Co. It is a book of easy reading, intended for children who have not begun, or are just beginning, the study of United States history.

—To-day's (Saturday's) Philadelphia *Press* will be a special holiday book number.

—One of the early volumes in 1888 in the Canterbury Poets Series will consist of a selection of the most representative poetry of the late Philip Bourke Marston.

—The Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, of Boston, offers prizes of \$700 and \$300, respectively, for the first and second best MSS., suitable for Sunday-school books, either of fiction, biography, or history, received before May 15, 1888.

—Little, Brown, & Co. will soon publish a volume of humorous stories, entitled 'Five Hundred Dollars, and Other Stories of New England Life,' by C. H. W., a new writer, who has met with considerable favor as a magazine contributor. The volume will include 'The Village Convict,' 'Saint Patrick,' 'Eli,' 'In Madeira Place,' and 'The New Minister's Great Opportunity.'

—The December (Holiday) number of *The English Illustrated* will contain fourteen full-page illustrations, including a portrait of Rembrandt, by himself; a study of a head, by Sir Frederick Leighton; Mrs. Abington, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; David Garrick as Abel Druggier, by Zoffany; 'The Post Boys' and 'The Meet at an Inn,' from drawings by Hugh Thomson; and an Old Lady, from a painting by Rembrandt. The illustrated articles include 'The Sea of Galilee,' by Laurence Oliphant; 'What Players Are They?' by Fitzgerald Molloy, and 'Coaching Days and Coaching Ways,' by W. Outram Tristram.

## Publications Received.

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Alcott, L. M. A Garland of Girls. \$1.25.....	Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Alcott, Ten. Nativity. \$5.00.....	John Wiley & Sons.
Allen, F. M. Through Green Glasses. 50c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Art Student in Paris. 40c.....	Boston Art Student Assn.
Barr, A. E. Paul and Christina. \$1.00.....	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bates, F. H. Between the Lights. \$1.75.....	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Bigelow, John. The Works of Benjamin Franklin. Vol. V. G. P. Putnam's Sons.	
Crawford, F. M. Paul Paroff. \$1.50.....	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Darwin, F. The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin. \$4.50.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Giles, Chauncey. The True and False Theory of Evolution. Phila. Wm. H. Alden.	
Goldsmith, O. The Deserted Village. \$3.00.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Goulding, F. R. Young Marooners. \$1.25.....	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Grove Geo. A Short History of Cheap Music.....	Novello, Ewer & Co.
Guntton, George. Wealth and Progress.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Hamerton, P. G. The Sadue. \$5.00.....	Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Heroic Ballads. \$2.00.....	Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Higginson, Thos. W. Women and Men.....	Harper Bros.
Holmes new series of Drawing Books.....	Chicago: C. M. Barnes.
Howells, W. D. A Woman's Reason. 25c.....	Phila.: Ticknor & Co.
Ida Waugh's Alphabet Book. \$1.00.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Keats, John. Odes and Sonnets. \$15.00.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Kendall, Wlay. From a Garret. \$2.00.....	Longmans Green & Co.
Laffan, Wm. M. Engravings on Wood.....	Harper Bros.
Macquid, K. S. Mère Suzanne. 50c.....	Harper Bros.
Magruder, Julia. A Magnificent Plebeian.....	Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Millington, I. S. Some of our Fellows. \$2.00.....	Boston: Roberts Brothers.
Mitchell, S. Weir. Prince Little Boy. \$1.50.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Musick, John R. Calamity Row; or, The Sunken Records. 25c.....	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Nott, J. F. Wild Animals. \$7.50.....	Dodd, Mead & Co.
Payn, James. A Prince of the Hood.....	Harper Bros.
Reed, E. J., Simpson E., and Kelley, J. D. J. Modern Ships of War. \$2.50.....	Harper Bros.
Roemer, J. Origins of the English People and the English Language.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Shakespeare, Wm. King John. 10c.....	Cassell & Co.
Stanley, A. P. Memorials of Westminster Abbey. 3 vols. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.	
Stories from the Persian. 60c.....	Cambridge: Chas. W. Sever.
Tibbals, M. H. Many Mistakes Mended. \$1.00.....	Tibbals Book Co.
Walsh, Wm. S. Faust: The Legend and the Poem. \$3.00.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Warren, T. D. Madalena; or, the Maid's Mischief. \$1.00.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Watson, B. A. The Sportsman Paradise. \$3.50.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Weeks, Caleb S. Pope's Essay on Man with Responding Essay. Fowler & Wells Co.	
Wells, Kate G. Miss Curtis.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.